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THE STORY TELLER.

From the Union Magazine.

Lilla Lincoln's Banishment.

BY MRS. C. H. BUTLER.

'It can't be so my dear.'

'It is so my dear.'

'Pol, pol, you are mistaken!'

'I tell you I am not mistaken, and you will
find that I am right.'

'Ridiculous! Our Lilla, our only child, brought
up as she has been, in the very lap of luxury,
and never allowed to associate with any but the
first people, she in love with a poor teacher;
why I tell you, wife, it is impossible—it is only
your own foolish suspicions.'

'But suppose it were so—suppose that I am
right, and Lilla really attached to Mr. Sedly?'

'Suppose it were so! I tell you I will not
suppose anything so perfectly ridiculous!'

'But if it were so—'

'Good heavens, wife, you wear out my pa-
tience! Why, then, if it were so—but I tell you
it is not so—I would shut her up—lock her up—
starve her; but what is the use of getting into
a passion about an impossibility! no, poor in-
nocent little Lilla, and I talking about shutting
her up and starving her! So much for your fol-
ly, Mrs. Lincoln; I declare you have put me
into quite a passion!'

'Very well, Mr. Lincoln, you may believe
what you please, and say what you please, I
tell you I am right; read that!'

'I won't! no, I won't read anything that
promises to abet your absurdity; so, my dear,
you had better order the carriage and take a
drive, it will cool off your feverish fancies!'

'I declare Mr. Lincoln, it is you who are ab-
surd. I think I love Lilla as well as you do,
and I am full as unwilling to believe what I
have told you as you are; but when I have
such evidence as this before me, I don't doubt
it would be impossible. If you will not read, at
least you can listen, and, unfolding the note,
Mrs. Lincoln read:

'My dearest Charles!'

'What, What?' exclaimed Mr. Lincoln, 'My
dearest Charles!'

'I have ascertained my father will be from
home until seven this evening—'

Mr. Lincoln snatched the billet from the
hands of his wife:

'Eh! what, what's that; why wife, you are
crazy; what nonsense you are reading; em-
em, seven this evening—Oh, Charles how I
tremble for the result of this interview, your own
Lilla! Mr. Lincoln stood for a moment speech-
less, his eyes fixed on the countenance of his
wife, with an expression of incredulity and won-
der; then putting on his glasses, he walked to
the window, turned the billet over and over,
examining, as he finished:

'Tremble, eh? Oh you ungrateful little hus-
s, you shall tremble indeed. What does this
mean?'

'Exactly what I told you, that Lilla loves Mr.
Sedly!'

'She does not, she shall not! Go, send the
baggage to me, I'll soon teach her what it is to
love anybody so much beneath her. Teacher
indeed! pretty business truly; the daughter of
Erastus Lincoln, Esq., M. C., to fall in love with
a teacher?'

'I hope, my dear, you will not be harsh with
the poor child, she is but a child you know,' said
Mrs. Lincoln.

'Not harsh with her, Mrs. Lincoln! I tell you
I will be just as harsh with her as I please; and
remember, that follow darkness not these doors
again; give orders to the servants at once, that
he is not to be admitted, and—why don't you
call Lilla; I say, call her!'

And little dreaming the reception she was to
meet with, Lilla in a few moments, her face
beaming with smiles, came tripping into the
room.

'Well, dear papa!'

'Well! what's that? I say everything is bad,
abominable, shocking! Now Miss Lincoln, come
here; are not you ashamed of yourself? what
excuses have you to offer for such outrageous
conduct?'

'Alas, papa, what is the matter?' said Lilla,
laughing, supposing her father was only about
to play off some joke upon her.

'So Miss Innocence, you have ascertained
your papa will be from home until seven this
evening, ha?'

Lilla turned pale as the marble statue against
which she was leaning.

'And therefore you will be very happy to
admit Mr. Charles Sedly to an interview any
time previous?'

'Oh, no, dear papa, not so, not so,' cried Lil-
la, struggling to gain sufficient command over
her agitation to speak.

'Not so, said Mr. Lincoln, 'then what is it, I

should like to know? Can't believe my own
eyes? Is not this your hand-writing? and is not
this piece of wickedness addressed to Mr. C.
Sedly?'

'Yes, papa, but—but—it was not me he was
coming to see; Oh, no!'

'Who then, pray?'

'To see you, father!'

'Well, well, that's better—see me, eh? and
the countenance of Mr. Lincoln relaxed a little
of its sternness. 'But what does he want of me,
Lilla—new grammars, new lexicons?'

'To—dear father, forgive me, but he
wishes to ask—to speak to you about me.'

'Well, and what has Mr. Charles Sedly to
say to me of my daughter?'

'Father, he loves me!' said Lilla, the rose
now glowing the lily from her cheek, 'and would
make me his wife.'

'His wife! You the wife of Charles Sedly?'

exclaimed Mr. Lincoln passionately. 'Look
here, miss,' and seizing poor Lilla by the arm,
he shook her violently, 'you shall die first—
What! my daughter marry a beggar as it
were—a man of no family! Go to your room—
that low fellow, if you ever speak again to
that low fellow, if you ever see him again, I
will turn you out of doors—mark my words!—
How dare he aspire to your hand; and you,
how dare you encourage him thus far? You
call him your 'dearest Charles,' too; I'll de-
clare him, and you too; you shall be locked up,
Miss Lincoln—come along! And taking her by the
arm, he led poor little Lilla completely subdued
and terrified, to her chamber; when, pushing
her in, he turned the key, and went in pursuit
of Mrs. Lincoln.

CHAPTER II.

The character of Mr. Lincoln has pretty well
developed itself in the preceding chapter. Pride
of wealth, ambition for worldly applause, and
an arrogant spirit trampling upon the claims
of equity, to whom fortune had been chary
of her favors, were his failings—the dark spots
upon nature otherwise kind and liberal; for,
to the really poor his purse was never closed. His
name stood among the first for any purpose of
benevolence, and in his domestic relations he
was the best of husbands and fathers. Lilla
was his only child, and the darling of both her
fond parents' hearts. Cradled in luxury from
her birth, every indulgence, every happiness
which riches could purchase, or tenderness
claim had been hers.

And she was deserving of their kindness,
for a perfect little gem of rare value and beauty
was Lilla Lincoln. She was yet a school girl,
but already her doting parents anticipated the
period when their daughter would be the orna-
ment and delight to the circle in which they
moved, surrounded by admirers seeking to win
her smiles, and whose alliance even the proudest
would humbly kneel to claim. What a lot
to all those lofty anticipations, when they
found her affections had fixed themselves upon
one whom they considered so immeasurably her
inferior!

Poor Lilla! The roses of seventeen summers
had but blossomed in her path when this first
thorn of sorrow pierced her heart! Up in her
solitary chamber, what tears of anguish were
hers, what heavy sighs convulsed her bosom
when she remembered her father's words of bit-
terness and scorn! And then below stairs what
a fever of rage and excitement she had caused!
Mrs. Lincoln to be sure, strove with a mother's
tenderness to soothe her father's anger—but it
was in vain, and many were the projects which
his hot brain engendered and abandoned, ere
he could finally fix upon one that promised suc-
cess. This was to send Lilla at once from home,
where there would not be the most distant
chance that she and Sedly would ever meet
again, until time and change of scene had en-
tirely obliterated his image. A few months,
they had no doubt, would set all right. She
would soon forget all about Charles Sedly, and
would then despise as much as they did the low
connection! So it was concluded that Lilla
should pass a few months with an old aunt of
Mr. Lincoln's residing in a beautiful country vil-
lage, far distant from the great metropolis; and
that until the moment of departure she should
be kept close prisoner in her chamber, so that
no communication should take place between the
lovers.

CHAPTER III.

No matter who Charles Sedly was, whether
descended from heroes or statesmen, from the
proud aristocrat revelling in all the pomp of
riches, or from the poor and honest citizen
whose daily bread is gained by daily toil along
the rugged paths of life, where the flowers sel-
dom blossom, and the way this side the grave
is too often choked by weeds and brambles! If
from the first he might claim descent—his tal-
ents and discretion were perhaps his inheritance,
for these he possessed; if from wealth, their
robes of riches mantled not his shoulders, for
poverty was his portion; if from the last, then
poverty was he struggling through the world.

From his earliest childhood Charles had
known but little save toil and hardship; yet a
cheerful heart and well-balanced mind had car-
ried him bravely on through every difficulty.—
In a foreign land his father had died, leaving
him the sole inheritance of his widow and

infant boy. At the age of fourteen, Charles
was apprenticed to a kind-hearted printer who
allowed him to pursue unchecked, his desire for
reading and improving the advantages which
his situation afforded him. It is too often the
case that an hour thus spent is considered by
many who employ young lads as so much money
stolen from their pockets, even at those
seasons when they would be idle! soon after,
worn out with trouble and disappointment, Mrs.
Sedly died.

When Charles had completed his apprentice-
ship he formed the resolution of turning country
school-master. Living in the country he knew
would be less expensive than the city. The
profits arising from his labors would be thought
with proper economy, support him there, while
during his leisure hours he could pursue his
studies, which, was his chief ambition. Repair-
ing then to a lovely New England village, he
there made his first essay as a school-master, and
soon became a general favorite with both par-
ents and children. Here, too, he had the good
friend in the person of an eccentric old lady,
whose life he had preserved at the imminent
peril of his own. It was one mild day in spring,
that the old lady set forth to visit a neighbor
living on the opposite side of a small river, flow-
ing through one portion of the town. As there
had been several days of warm weather pre-
vious, the usual passage across the ice was con-
sidered unsafe, still the old lady persisted there
could be no danger, and well clad and hooded,
unhesitatingly proceeded on her route.—
She had reached the centre of the stream in
safety, when there was a sudden crackling, as
the firing of numberless rifles—a heaving motion
and instantly the heaving mass gave way, pre-
cipitating the poor old lady into the black gulf
below. This accident was witnessed by several
persons on the bank, yet no one dared to ven-
ture to her assistance, as on all sides the ice was
now rapidly breaking up. Fortunately, Sedly
chanced at that moment to be passing; and,
learning what had happened, unhesitatingly ad-
vanced upon the treacherous footing. In a
moment he detected the spot where the old la-
dy had disappeared, and boldly plunged in.—
With the heaving mass above his head he struck
out into the dark waters to save the life of a fel-
low creature; and in a few moments his humane
efforts were successful. Seizing the poor old
lady, who in a moment more could not have
been saved, he came up with her some rods
from the spot where he had first plunged in;—
ropes were thrown from the shore, and in a few
moments Mr. Sedly and his senseless burthen
were rescued from their perilous situation.—
From that hour the old lady regarded Sedly as
something belonging to her. She insisted upon
his taking up his abode at her house; and in-
deed, so far did she carry her gratitude and lib-
erality, that through her means he was enabled
to enter a neighboring college, where, in the
course of two years, he graduated with honor.—
But he now refused to accept of further aid
from his kind and honored friend. He returned
to the city to commence the study of law,
still helping to support himself by teaching the
English branches in a fashionable boarding
school, for which he received a handsome salary.
Lilla Lincoln became one of his pupils; but how
in the world he ever so far forgot his dignity, as
to fall in love with a simple school-girl, and how
Lilla became so naughty as to fall in love with
him instead of minding her lesson is more than
I can explain.

While Lilla, in 'lurane vile,' remained up-
stairs, she little knew her lover had already
sought and obtained an interview with her cruel
father, and had left the house not only greatly
indignant at the reception he had met with, but
in despair at being told that he was never again
to see or speak with his beloved Lilla. Indeed,
Mr. Lincoln was so exasperated at the presump-
tion as he termed it, of the young man, as to
lose the character of a gentleman—a tall, manly
influence which anger often effects—and really
insulted Sedly, accused him of openly stealing
the affections of his daughter, merely for the
position which her fortune, and to be called the
son-in-law of Erastus Lincoln, Esq., would give
him. And so Sedly, in a fever of mind
and body, rushed home to his lodgings, and
dashed off a note to his kind old friend in the
country, telling her she might expect him in a
day or two to pass a few weeks beneath her
peaceful roof.

CHAPTER IV.

The day arrived when Lilla was to be exiled
from home until absence should obliterate her
love for Sedly. Just as the beams of the rising
sun gilded the spires and roofs of the Empe-
ror City, Lilla, accompanied by her parents, stepped
on board the New Haven boat, which was to
bear her far, far from her lover. With every
revolution of the wheels, Mr. Lincoln found his
anger as rapidly receding; and ere the boat
reached Hartford his daughter was his own
darling Lilla again. Not a word did he now
breathe upon the subject uppermost in both
their minds, but caressed her fondly, as of old,
feeling assured that change of scene would soon
remove her dejection, the country air bring back
the roses to her now pale cheek. Arriving at
New Haven, and placing Lilla under the care
of a friend who would pass through the village
where Mrs. Middlefield (Mr. Lincoln's aunt)

resided, her parents, taking an affectionate leave
of their child, returned to the city.

Dear reader, did you ever visit Northampton,
that most lovely of all New England's lovely
villages? If not a note is on your tablets; and
when next the hot sirocco breath of the city
burns your fevered brow, and your fainting soul
linguishes for the cooling glades and fragrant
mountain breezes, then, lie thee to the beau-
tiful valley of the Connecticut, and, in this charm-
ing spot where Nature and Art have both com-
bined their most pleasing powers to spread forth
for your delight a landscape of unrivalled loveli-
ness, repose your wearied, city-lounging spirit.

Embowered in a perfect forest of fruit trees,
near the centre of this same beautiful town,
stood the old-fashioned dwelling of Mrs. Mid-
dlefield. Although an old lady herself, of three-
score years, every thing both within and with-
out the house remained very much as it had
done in the days of her fathers. Innovation of
any kind the old lady despised; all fashions she
held in perfect abhorrence; looked upon steam-
boats as inventions of the Evil One, and ground
in spirit over the good old-days of spinning-
wheels and pillows. Her little parlor still bore
the carefully preserved carpet which the hands
of her youth had woven. There stood the same
stiff, high-backed mahogany chairs, which, once
living the fickleness of fashion, were now rejoin-
ing in the newly re-acquired consequence at-
tached to their antique proportions, and the old
table too, their venerable claws, the same claws
which a century since they had first encompassed,
as if ready at any moment, like their mis-
tress, to hurl defiance at all sly counterfeits
of their solid worth. Between the windows,
with outspread wings an eagle with gilded tal-
ons upheld the long, narrow looking glass in its
quaintly-carved frame, and in the corner stood
the upright, solemn clock, where at each revolu-
tion of hour, old Time, with scythe and glass look-
ed gloomily out from some dark nook and shook
his fatal weapon, as if prepared (in primer
phrase) to cut down all both great and small.

The village bells were merely pealing forth
the hour of noon, according to the time-honored
custom, as the stage stopped at Mrs. Middle-
field's door. No one, however, appeared to
welcome the young stranger, Lilla timidly pass-
ed up to the door through a dense thicket of
roses. The old lion guarding the knocker, look-
ed grimly even upon the small, delicately-gloved
hand which hesitatingly disturbed him from his
repose, yet twice was the summons repeated ere
the door was opened by an old colored woman,
and Lilla stood for the first time in the house of
her ancestors.

Sending in her name, Mrs. Middlefield in a
few minutes made her appearance; and greeted
her young relative with much kindness. It was
evident, however, to Lilla that she had not been
expected, and she soon found that the letter of
her father, announcing her arrival, had not been
received.

'But my dear child,' said the old lady, 'you
are not less welcome that you came unexpected—
no, God forbid the hollow form of ceremony
should interfere between those whom the ties of
kindred unite. Take off your bonnet, pretty
one, and come with me to the little chamber you
shall call your own. I had prepared it for
another dear friend, but the blue room will an-
swer as well, and when you are rested, my dear,
you shall help to gather some roses to place
upon the toilet—flowers shall speak more
pleasantly than the lips of an old woman my
welcome to you both.'

Lilla found the room assigned to her as de-
lightful as the most snowy muslin curtains an-
tique built stands, and windows looking out upon
mountain and meadow, could make it. But af-
ter strolling in garden and orchard, and watch-
ing the chickens fluttering around the coops,
and the geese gabbling in the little brook, poor
Lilla sat down, sad and pale, her thoughts stray-
ing back to her unhappy lover, and dwelling up-
on their cruel separation, until she could with
difficulty restrain her tears even in the pres-
ence of Mrs. Middlefield, who, soon noticing her
dejection, exerted all her powers to cheer her.—
At length the old lady spoke of her expected
guest from whose arrival that evening she was
to derive so much happiness, and upon whose
virtues she so largely expatiated that even the
amiable Lilla thought her too garrulous.

The afternoon wore on, and behind the beau-
tiful groves of Round Hill, the sun at length
disappeared. The little tea table was now
drawn forth, awaiting the arrival of the expect-
ed guest, with a delicious promise of fragrant
strawberries and cream.

'Hark!' said the old lady, suddenly stopping
in a narrative she was giving Lilla of some
event in her early life, 'hark! I think I hear
wheels; listen, Lilla am I right?'

The sound of a carriage rapidly approaching
the house and the loud crack of the coachman's
whip soon dispelled all doubt. A quick step
was now heard coming up the avenue—a gen-
tleman sprang up the steps and eagerly ad-
vanced to meet the embrace of Mrs. Middlefield.—
But why should Lilla thus start from her chair?
why is her face so suddenly suffused with blush-
es? why should she clasp her hands and then
hide that pretty face within? Yet what was
even more strange, instead of meeting the ex-
pected hand of his kind old friend, why the
young gentleman took not the least notice of

her, but rushing impetuously past her, clasped
Lilla in his arms!

'Well done, Mr. Charles Sedly.'

'Holy toity,' exclaimed the old lady, 'what
does this mean I should like to know?'

'My dearest Lilla, what unlooked for happi-
ness!'

'Oh Charles, Charles, why are you here?'

said poor Lilla trembling as if the eye of her
father was already fixed upon her.

Explanation was soon given accounting for
this extraordinary scene by proving Mr. Lin-
coln's aunt and the kind old friend of Charles
Sedly to be one and the same person.

And now what a situation for two young
lovers who had been not only forbidden ever
seeing each other again but even whose thoughts
the same stern power would have trammelled if
possible. Imagine if you can anything more
perplexing.

What was to be done? Lilla, dutiful child,
talked of returning immediately to her father
and said something about the earliest stage and
of shutting herself up in her little chamber the
meanwhile, but some how or other Charles man-
aged to convince her that traveling alone was
highly improper for a young lady—in fact he,
too, had some very conflicting notions about
right and wrong, but Mrs. Middlefield, good old
soul, came forward at once to the rescue and ar-
gued so sensibly and so much to the point that
not to have been convinced would have certainly
evinced a great want of deference in the young
people.

'A pretty business to be sure for you to run
off like frightened rabbits and leave me all
alone again. No, no; just stay where you are.
I should like to know if it is your fault that you
happened to meet? and if my nephew Lincoln
is not a more sensible man than what you have
told me would prove him to be then it is time
he knew better; that is all I can say—it is high
time he found out that an honest heart is more
to be prized than all his riches. No, no, chil-
dren; just stay where you are. I don't know
much about you, to be sure, Lilla Lincoln; but
unless your face betrays you, you are worthy to
be the wife of Charles Sedly and that is saying
a good deal I can tell you; for the highest lady
in the land might be proud of such a husband!'

'There is not the least doubt but Lilla perfect-
ly agreed with her.

By the time they had finished supper both
Charles and Lilla made up their minds that the
old lady knew better than they did. The con-
sequence was that at the very hour when Mr.
Lincoln was congratulating himself that Lilla
was now safe from her lover, the little gipsy, arm
in arm with Charles, was strolling through the
moonlit grove adjoining the garden of Mrs. Mid-
dlefield.

Of course no more was said of going away by
either party, who now resigned themselves with-
out a murmur to the unavoidable decrees of fate.
How rapturously now the days flew by, each
hour strengthening the flowery link which united
their young hearts. And as for Mrs. Middle-
field as she became more acquainted with the
loveliness of Lilla's character she appeared to
take pleasure in thwarting the views of her neph-
ew. He is a pretty fellow to be sure, she would
say to herself, to try to ruin that dear girl's hap-
piness. He feels above a connection with Charles
Sedly. I mind the time his grandfather shod
horses for all the country miles around, and a
good, honest, respectable man he was; and here
is this braggart nephew of mine, because the
Lord has given him more houses and money than
all to his ancestor's share, must show his thank-
fulness by killing his own daughter.

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Lincoln sat at the breakfast table sipping
his coffee and reading the morning papers alter-
nately with the air of a man satisfied with him-
self and the world in general.

'My dear,' said he at length to his quiescent
partner, 'my dear, it will be two months to-mor-
row since our dear Lilla left home.'

'Yes my dear, two months to-morrow.'

'She seems to be very happy—her letters are
written in a most charming style.'

'Very charming.'

'She appears to be perfectly enraptured with
a country life; no doubt she has forgotten that
confounded Sedly by this time. It was only one
of those silly freaks which girls will sometimes
take into their heads!'

'That is all my dear.'

'It was the best thing we could do to send her
to my good old aunt—no where else I am sure
would she so soon have recovered her spirits—
for she was really very sad, my dear.'

'Very sad, poor thing.'

'I have been thinking I will take a trip up
the river this afternoon, and bring her home.'

'Dear child, how glad I shall be to see her—
I understand Sedly has left the city; so there
will be no danger of their meeting to revive old
associations.'

'None at all. I cannot but congratulate my-
self, my dear, upon the prudent course I adopt-
ed in this matter. If all parents would be as
judicious there would be fewer runaway match-
es and more obedient children. Have my things
prepared, my dear!'

And having delivered himself of this very self-
laudatory speech Mr. Lincoln folded the paper,
took off his spectacles and left Mrs. L. to her
domestic duties.

CHAPTER VI.

There was to be a picnic to the summit of the
mountain, and our young friends from Mrs. Mid-
dlefield's were invited to join the party.

Upon the appointed morning they were all up
with the birds, and long ere the sun had peeped
above the 'misty mountain top,' the party had set
forth, taking with them a bountiful supply of re-
freshments, and it was their intention to pass
the day upon the summit. Poor Mrs. Middle-
field scarcely knew how to employ herself, so
lonesome did she feel after the departure of
Charles and Lilla.

'Why, I am ashamed of myself,' said she to
old Dinah, 'I had no idea I could miss the silly
young things so much!'

'Fact dey do hab dreadful takin' ways missus,
for swin, 'specially Miss Lilla and Massa Char-
les, too!'

At length the morning wore away, and the
hour of noon brought welcome respite to the la-
bored.—The good old lady now busied herself in
making preparations for the return of the moun-
tain party, all of whom she had invited to pass
the evening at her house, although it would be
several hours ere she could expect them. She
was suddenly interrupted in her labors by the
stopping of the stage at the gate, from which her
nephew Lincoln alighted.

The old lady, while she cordially welcomed
him, could not help chuckling at the game which
she had assisted to play, well knowing an ex-
plosion of wrath must soon disturb the present
calm.

'And so Lilla has gone frolicking,' said Mr.
Lincoln, evidently pleased. 'Well! well! that's
right, but how is she, aunt? Do you think she
is well?'

'O perfectly well; and as happy as the day is
long.'

'Is she never low-spirited?'

'Dear me no. Why, I have another young
friend staying with me too, and I assure you they
are inseparable; they read together, walk togeth-
er, sing together, and—'

'I am glad of it, glad of it aunt,' interrupted
Mr. Lincoln, rubbing his hands with pleasure,
'Who is this young friend?'

'One whom I love, nephew, equally with your
daughter. Perhaps you will be surprised when I
tell you I mean to make this person my heir.
To be sure, you are my nearest relative, but
then you are rich and do not need any more, so
I have already made my will bequeathing all I
possess to one whom I am sure deserves it.'

'I am glad of it,' said Mr. Lincoln again.—
'We always supposed, it is true, that Lilla would
be your heir, but she will be rich without it, aunt,
and if you have found one who needs it, and
deserves it, why I hope you will give it to her!'

'Her! Why bless you, nephew, there is no her
about it; it is a fine young man whom I shall
make my heir!'

'What! what! A young man! So I've sent
my daughter to your roof to keep her from one
rush fellow, and here she finds another! I don't
like this at all; if I recollect too, you said that
they were inseparable?'

'Yes! the dear children!'

'Reading, riding, walking, singing! Here will
be another fuss, for aught I know, worse than
the other?'

'I shouldn't wonder, they seem much attach-
ed.'

'Attached, do they? And is this the way you
have performed your trust? Why was not I in-
formed of what has been going on? Why wasn't
I written to? Aunt, aunt; I am sorry to say,
nothing but your sex and age prevents my being
very rude.'

'Stop nephew, and hear me! said the old la-
dy. 'I can readily pardon your passion; for he
that will sacrifice the happiness of his child to
gratify his own ambition, will be guilty of any
meanness! What right have you, Erastus Lin-
coln, to exercise your arbitrary will over the hap-
piness of any human being? You have toiled
for riches, and they are yours; and what use do
you make of them? You crush your daughter's
heart beneath them, and would rather rear a
splendid monument to her memory than give
her to a poor but deserving young man!'

'Stop, aunt, you go too far! God knows I
love my dear Lilla!'

'Love her! No nephew; you love power, fame,
riches, better. Love her! Yes, you would love
to see her the wife of some glided fool whose
brains you could hold on a sippet. You could
watch her cheek paling, her form wasting, her
step becoming daily more languid, and her sweet
voices more faint. This you could see with sat-
isfaction, because she had not married 'beneath
her,' as you please to term it. Yes, follow her
to an early grave, the martyr of your 'love,' and
go down unwent to your own!'

'Aunt you wrong me!'

'Do I? Then elasp your daughter, your Lilla,
to your bosom and give her to Charles Sedly!'

said he, about half an hour after, putting his head out the window.

"Do you wish to go there, nephew?"

"I do."

"Very well, then I will have up the chaise and go with you to the foot of the mountain and there wait your return."

The old-fashioned chaise was now brought to the door and aunt and nephew were soon joggling along through the meadows, not a word popping out the whole distance relative to Charles and Lilla.

Beneath the shade of beautiful trees, on the fresh untrodden grass, the merry mountain party had spread their cloth. The baskets were unladen of their tempting contents; and seated around, some on the trunks of trees, some upon moss-covered rocks, and others reclining on the rich green sward, the laugh and the song went round, making the old woods echo with their joyous innocent mirth.

It was agreed that those who could not sing should do their part towards the general entertainment, by relating some story or reciting a poem. One of the number, accordingly, not gifted either with musical or poetical power, in plain prose related that some two or three years previous, he had visited the same spot in company with a very lovely girl, and as she was about to hang her bonnet upon a tree, an enormous black snake, suspended from that very branch, clasped its slimy folds around her arm. Thus far the audience had been mute, but now there was a general scream from the girls.

"O, horrible!" "Dreadful!" "Was she killed?" "What did you do?" "Heavens what if we should see one!"

"Where," exclaimed a strange voice, "that snake must have been the very fellow I just now passed meditating on the rocks below there, where I was working this climbing! Ah! my own darling, Lilla!"

My dear, dear father? cried Lilla, rushing to his arms; but the next moment the thought of Sedly, and of her father's anger, nearly overpowered her, and once more falling on his breast, she burst into tears.

"Pooh, pooh, silly girl," whispered Mr. Lincoln brushing away a tear from his own eye, "I know it all—it is all forgiven. Ah, Sedly, my dear fellow, how are you?" shaking the astonished Charles warmly by the hand. "Well," he continued, "I do not like to disturb such a pleasant party, but Mrs. Middlefield is waiting patiently at the foot of this confounded steep mountain—so Charles, you take Lilla under your charge, for it is as much as I can do to take care of myself, I am too old to be climbing about in this way in search of wild children."

And when the good old lady—seated so comfortably upon a log within a little dell of blackberries, whose delicious freshness she was enjoying—when she saw the happy party descending, Charles and Lilla tripping down hand-in-hand, their beaming faces speaking their happiness, and her nephew Lincoln puffing and laughing behind, she clasped her hands, exclaiming:

"Now thank God, the man has a heart, after all, and I shall see my Charles and Lilla happy!"

ARRIVAL OF THE CAMBRIA.

Revolution in France!

ABDUCTION OF LOUIS PHILIPPE!

HIS FLIGHT TO ENGLAND.

The steamer CAMBRIA arrived at New York on Saturday morning, having sailed from Liverpool on the 27th of February. She brings 15 days' late news. It was telegraphed to the Boston Traveller, from which we glean the important intelligence of a REVOLUTION IN FRANCE!! The Revolution was complete. The King had abdicated the throne, and with the Royal Family had left Paris, and gone to England—and the Revolutionists were in complete possession of Palace and Capital.

The outbreak seems to have been occasioned immediately by the attempt of the Ministry to suppress the Reform Bill, to be held on the 22d of February in the Chamber of Deputies.

The disturbances broke out among the people in Paris on the 21st of February, when the people assembled in large numbers in the streets with various demonstrations of opposition to the king and ministry.

On the 22d the Revolutionists were joined by the National Guards, and the troops stationed for the protection of the authorities were defeated at every point.

On the 23d, at noon, the Palace of the Tuilleries was attacked, and in one hour it was completely in possession of the people. The Royal Guard was sacked shortly after the Tuilleries had been stormed.

Five hundred lives are said to have been lost—Lamartine is also said, was seriously wounded.

The King, as soon as the Tuilleries had been taken, abdicated the throne in favor of his grandson Count de Paris—and immediately left the Palace.

The Regency of the Duke de Nemours (until the Count de Paris should attain his majority) was rejected by the people. It was then proposed by Odillon Barot, that a Regency should be formed under the Duchess of Orleans. This also the populace rejected.

The Duchess of Orleans and Count de Paris went to the Chamber of Deputies, accompanied by the Duke de Nemours and a large party of officers. The Duchess was in deep mourning. The chamber refused to allow the family of Louis Philippe to resign the throne.

The troops of the line finally fraternized with the National Guard, and joined the people.

All intercourse between the two sides of the river Seine had been cut off.

An attempt was made on the residence of the Minister of Finance, but it failed.

Proclamations appointing Count Mole, Thiers and Odillon Barot, Ministers, were torn down everywhere by the public.

The Palace of the Tuilleries is in the hands of the National Guards and people. The people are throwing the furniture out of the windows and burning it. An attempt was made to burn the Palace itself.

The people are in possession of the Railway stations and barriers—the rails have been removed from the tracks, to prevent the troops arriving from the country to the assistance of the Government. All communication is cut off between the city of Paris and the country.

The latest news from Paris is to Friday, Feb'y 23d. Then

A REPUBLIC had been PROCLAIMED!!

The King and his family had gone to Europe. A Provisional Government had been appointed and confirmed. The following members compose the Ministry—

President, Dupleix—Foreign Affairs, Lamartine—Marine, Arago—Interior, Le Drapier—Public Works, Marie—Public Instruction, Carnot—Commerce, Belmont—War, Lamartine.

Garnier Pages has been confirmed Mayor of Paris and Cavaignac Governor of Algeria.

De Courtais has been appointed Commandant of the National Guards.

All communication by Railway and Diligence is suspended. The station of the Northern Railway has been burnt, and it was impossible to get out of Paris by that line.

At the latest dates all was tranquil in the neighborhood of the Tuilleries.

The following order has just been issued:

"In the name of the French People, it is ordered to the Members of the Chamber of Deputies to meet!"

Paris, 21th, February.

The Chamber of Deputies is considered very significant of the views of the new ministry.

This morning (Friday, February 23th) Paris is perfectly quiet.

The shops, however, are closed, the streets are barricaded as before, and the people are making preparations to attack the castle of Vincennes.

Prince Louis Napoleon has departed from London for Paris on Saturday morning, the 27th of February.

The new Ministers recommended that the people retain their revolutionary attitude.

All classes of the population took part in the revolution.

The people were still demanding vengeance on troops that fired on the people, when it was announced in the Chambers that the King had abdicated in favor of the Count de Paris a voice in the gallery cried "it is too late!"

Great excitement followed this announcement.

The Deputies and the National Guards gathered around the Duchess of Orleans and the Count de Paris.

After a stormy debate, Carnot suspended the sitting of the Chambers. The people and the Provisional Government was established amid cries of "Vive la REPUBLIQUE!"

The sitting was adjourned to Hotel de Ville to install the new Government. All the Ex-Ministers have quitted their Hotels.

The House was closed.

The THRONES were publicly carried through the streets and afterwards PUBLICLY BURNED.

There was a rumor at Liverpool on the sailing of the steamer, that Louis Philippe had resigned the French throne. The rumor had been much discussed. The departure of the Revolutionists was the cause.

Louis Philippe had proposed to increase the income tax to 10 per cent on the 1st of March.

The Ministry in the House of Commons in favor of the second reading of the Reform Bill.

Without this success, the Ministry is deemed having been defeated in several measures.

The new French Ministry is of an interesting and important character. The Chamber of Deputies is now in session.

Several new Ministers have been named—among which are the Duke of Orleans and the Duke of Nemours.

Confidence was returning in England and money was made abundant. No more failures were being announced.

There was some activity in the Chamber of Deputies.

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posed to hold back in respect to reforming measures, and that he had been deposed.

Prince Metterich had declared to England that Austria would not interfere in the affairs of Italy.

This declaration had quieted the apprehensions before prevalent, of a general European war.

The Kafir war was ended, all the rebel chiefs having been taken prisoners.

The Russians had obtained some advantages in Circassia.

The American whale ship Lawrence, of Foughkeepsie, was wrecked near the Japan Islands. The crew took to the boats on the 10th of July, 1845, after several months imprisonment in Japan, they were sent to Singapore. One man was killed endeavoring to escape.

FAVORITES. The Commercial Bank of Paris had failed. Also, M. Luyet, Banker, of Paris. Also, Bouché & Co, Bankers, of Metz.

For the Democrat.

FROSTWORK.

The Frost came out one still March night. When the clear, cold moon was shining bright On the snow-drifts, cast by a stormy day.

All on every thing in its way. And he set the spell of his magic power In the winking time of the midnight hour.

And when up rose the morning Sun What a lovely world to show upon! The white snow, by the ground now worn, Is now with many a sparkle seen.

And each strip of fence and pile of wood Is clothed in a silvery muslin robe. And a fairy like beauty is over the trees, Which are not stirred by the slightest breeze.

But every twig and bough is now Completely clothed in a pure white shawl. How lovely, how lovely the woods appear, As we gaze on them, that the country clear (On a Sabbath morn) is so charmingly still, So charmingly pure, as if it were still.

We exclaim, by the Frost of the cold, clear night, That the snow-bank must be pure and bright. O'er the snow the pine trees now so high, That the snow-bank must be pure and bright.

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Their refusal to publish a candid correction of a misstatement, necessarily compelled me, when presenting it for publication in another quarter, to give my reasons for so doing, together with a question of this kind could be brought before the people; for they may eventually be called upon to decide what shall be done in the case.

And they should be able to act in full view of their reputation, or impairing their credit, as gentlemen—for until the appearance of their last paper, I supposed that they claimed to be gentlemen, and that their claim would be readily admitted. But I find that I labored under an egregious mistake.

I am accused, in a very gentlemanly manner, of stating two distinct falsehoods—first, in having said that there would be no other school in this vicinity than that at South Paris. This I did not say, and I do not say it now.

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It is not my object to enter very fully into this question, at the present time. It is highly important, however, that the facts which govern the question of this kind could be brought before the people; for they may eventually be called upon to decide what shall be done in the case.

And they should be able to act in full view of their reputation, or impairing their credit, as gentlemen—for until the appearance of their last paper, I supposed that they claimed to be gentlemen, and that their claim would be readily admitted. But I find that I labored under an egregious mistake.

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I am accused,

This image shows a vertical strip of a document page. On the left side, there is a dark, textured binding edge, possibly made of leather or a similar material. The right side of the strip shows a light, speckled paper surface. The overall appearance is that of a scan of a physical document, with some noise and artifacts visible.

